

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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THE DOCTOR'S MIXTURE.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER XVIII. A PARTY AT THE DOCTOR'S.

THIS was to be another of the Doctor's pleasant evenings. Any one looking in must have said that he and his family were mere children of enjoyment, just anxious to improve the shining hour. He had asked Lord Shipton, though he had doubts as to the policy of this step, the Reverend William Webber, and "those poor Dunlops." There was some little share of good-nature in this step, though the larger motive was to have some disinterested witnesses by, out of the regiment.

Young Mr. Cecil Leader, looking pale and delicate, and not specially intellectual, entered the drawing-room. There was a curious nervous look about his under jaw, that spoke of some constitutional weakness, but to all present he seemed the type of rank and of military bearing. The Doctor all but embraced him, and led him to his daughters. Those two bright creatures quite overpowered him; Polly actually laughing and blushing from excitement; and feeling, in her young heart, as though she had been solemnly presented to her affianced husband; while Katey was no less flattered, filled with pride in her sister's candidature and certain success, and conscious that much was cast upon her. Both were a whole world of piquancy in looks, dress, and bearing. Polly seemed a shepherdess off a Dresden cup, her skirt of rose-coloured stripes gathered up about her, and a bow of the same coloured riband in her hair. Her sister was in a more subdued tone, and seemed like Margaret in the picture; so demure and nun-like, so bright in smiles. They knew

nothing of fashion, save of what came down there at about tenth hand, or snatched from a borrowed book of fashions; yet Katey had a simple taste and instinct, which suited her just as well. It was she who treated Mr. Cecil with warmth, as being her sister's "futar."

"We are so glad to see you well again. Polly and I have been so interested in you!"

"We used to see you at the window, often," said Polly. "I was so sorry, Mr. Leader, indeed I was."

"Wish you would have paid me a visit; it would have helped to make me well."

The Doctor caught this speech, and, rather displeased, seized on the young man and carried him over to introduce him to Lord Shipton. His lordship was glad to see him, and said he had called very often. Indeed, the queer-headed old phaeton—which the Doctor had often likened to a rusty old leather travelling-bag—had been seen at the door. Now the Doctor was heard to say, "Ah! here's my family chaplain! Then how are you, Billy?" The clergyman, as usual, entered gravely, and as if in low spirits, a demeanour supposed by some to make up a dramatic contrast, by way of surprise, to his natural humour. Then came in the Dunlops—their children left at home—out on their little holiday. Yet even at stray moments a shade of anxiety and trouble would flit across her face, as she thought that the little forces at home might have risen and overpowered the slender garrison, and she looked at times as though she would have risen hastily and rushed away for a few minutes.

Then the usual pleasant party set in. Mr. Cecil Leader being handed over to Katey's care, who, mindful of the sisterly

office cast upon her, threw her whole gentle soul into the duty. The ingenuity, the finesse that a simple woman's affection will unconsciously devise is inconceivable, and exceeds any studied or laborious exertion on the part of more clever people. The way she painted her sister in her most delicate colours: the little by-lanes and short-cuts up which she tripped back to that one favourite subject, when she seemed the whole length of the garden away from it, was something delightful. She did not see that this advocacy was having by no means the effect she intended, but was acting in quite a different way. Her wonderful face, so marvellous in its changes, now demure and nun-like, now flashing up into brilliancy and animation, now almost sad with sympathy, was telling upon Mr. Cecil Leader. That young man, who was reserved and rather dull, had hitherto kept out of society, like Mr. Marlow in the play, and he had met no one who had the sort of engaging, interested, and encouraging manner of Katey; now preaching the panegyric of her own particular saint, Polly. Polly was just opposite, close by, and made one of their party, as it were. Such laughter, such tinkling laughter; such flashing and sparkling of jewelled eyes, the only jewels they possessed; such reflection of the light on their glossy massive hair, as the hero told his rather laboured and lumbering "good stories." Never were two such charming girls. But Polly was more to be admired, Katey to be loved.

The host occasionally struck in, and adroitly made his guest the centre figure, as it were, giving him his arm, and supporting him. Lord Shipton listened with obsequious interest, and even the boisterous Billy Webber took the cue. Strange to say, Mr. Cecil seemed to know little or nothing about his own family and their plans, and he himself seemed to regard the regiment more as his proper family. He told the usual stories, while Lord Shipton listened, smiling, and bowing, and saying, "Most curious! how strange that was!" and the Doctor, as it were, led cards to be trumped specially by his guest. Mr. Webber, once or twice, grew restive, and burst through the fences with some irreverent jesting, and also a tendency to "chaff" the young man, but was quickly brought back again by the collar of his coat. "Easy, my friend. There's no material here for a joke. I am sending you a bit of mutton, which will be more in your way." No one was so easily

abashed as Mr. Webber. And thus, to his own surprise, Mr. Cecil Leader found himself elevated to a social position which he had never enjoyed before. No one was so astonished at this as Mr. Dunlop, who also tried to resent it, but found public opinion was against him. Even when stating some obvious truth, based on accurate newspaper authority, he was quietly put aside by the Doctor with, "Can't agree with you: but I think there is a good deal of weight in what Mr. Leader said awhile ago."

After dinner came the pleasant evening. Billy Webber, having now got the range, as an artilleryman would say, could now enjoy his own steady and merry practice, and co-operate with the family. Again they had his songs, with which he enchanted everybody; Doctor Findlater, to whom they were always new, in generous rapture, saying, "I declare, Billy, if I was a lady I'd be tempted to run up and kiss you!"

Mr. Cecil Leader was greatly struck by the performance. "Beautiful, beautiful, splendid!" he said. "Never heard anything like it."

"Thank ye, sir," said Mr. Webber; "you make me proud. I have a little organ of my own. I can't deny it. I'd be glad to come up and sing for you any time. Nothing I like more than a snug place and appreciative listeners."

"You sing, Mr. Leader," said Polly, "I know you do."

"How do you know it?" said the young man. "I never sang in my life. I mean, of course, except—"

"Oh, you must. I knew you did. Do, to oblige us all. I am bent on it. Ah, do—do!"

This "Ah, do!" in Irish girls of the south is like a musical cadence, half entreaty; or half expostulation, half sly mockery. "Ah, do!" is pleasant and complimentary. Mr. Cecil looked at Polly. Then a grave, sweeter intonation came from a face beside him, and Katey's pleading "Ah, do!" went into his heart, and made it thrill. Suddenly intervened Doctor Findlater, with a kind of pettish impatience: "Leave him alone, dears; really you are very troublesome. This is always the way, Mr. Cecil. If there is anything in the shape of pie, the girls must be stirring it up. Here, disperse—get away!"

The bright Polly's coral lips fell into pouting shape: "Oh, papa!" And from Katey a piteous "Ah, Peter dear!"

The young man was angry. "Here,

don't," he said. "Leave the young ladies alone, Doctor. I don't want 'em to disperse, as you call it. We've got things of our own to talk of."

The Doctor seemed abashed at this set down, and to be really in awe of the young man. He turned away without a word.

Then Lord Shipton came up. "I want you to come out and see us, Mr. Leader," he said. "The air at Shipton will do you good. I want you to fix two or three days. We have no state, no baronial magnificence, no splendid carriages and horses, like some potentates. I am content to till my own little plot, and try and be happy in my little way." He had put his finger on the coat-collar of the young man, and was gradually drawing him to the window. "I know your father and mother well, and I knew the late people better. My girls told me to be sure and make you fix. You see our friend Findlater here," continued his lordship, with an ingenious depreciation, "is very well in his way. And don't we all, who are amateurs of beauty, admire his pretty girls? I declare I am in love with them both. Wonderfully creditable to him," added his lordship, dropping his voice, "to have brought them up as he has done, and to have made such a rise!"

It will be seen from this what loyalty there was in this nobleman; but the truth was, he had wares of his own to offer to the noble stranger. The Doctor, having an instinct of danger, bore down swiftly, and rescued his property.

It was a delightful night for him who was made the hero. They had their little romping small plays, which Mr. Leader enjoyed a great deal, though he found it a little difficult to grasp the principles. Later, he hesitatingly mentioned to Polly that he knew a far better, a most wonderful game, that would make every one die laughing. This was called, he said, the Pedlar of Plupton, and consisted, as far as could be made out, in some one going out of the room, and repeating a formula that ran, "Pop, pip, the piping pedlar of Plupton!" then, forming a procession, when every one walked round, repeating the same incantation. He could not recall the necessary acts which led to these successive repetitions of the formula, but he said "that did not much matter, as it would all come right." Polly, exuberant in her spirits, actually clapped her hands, and flew, dancing round, to tell Peter. "Mr.

Leader, Peter, has got a game he wants to teach us. Come, stand round quickly, and listen."

"Well, well," said the Doctor, apparently put out, "Coaxey, dear, you are the most irrepressible creature that ever danced on the earth! What do you want us to do?"

"Oh, you must play, Peter, dear, and Lord Shipton too, and Mr. Cecil will teach us. It's such a beautiful game!"

The Doctor threw his eyes up, with, "Well, after that!" and suffered himself to be led away for instruction. The game, indeed, though strictly too incoherent to deserve that title, seemed, as a gentleman remarked later, "to have neither head, nor tail, nor middle." Mr. Leader stopping every moment to say in an agony of doubt, "No, that's not it, I know. You all say, 'Pop, pip, the piping pedlar of Plupton.'"

"Well, that's simple enough," said Mr. Webber. "Who's to be the pedlar?"

"Oh, yes! the pedlar sits in a chair, and then we all go round and say together, 'Pop, pip, &c.'"

"How funny!" said the delighted Polly, rushing about, and dragging every one into his or her place. "Now, Mr. Leader and I shall give the word."

CHAPTER XIX. A CLOUD BETWEEN THE SISTERS.

BUT, somehow, with this indistinct notice, the thing would not work. In vain all the grown-up people walked round, repeating the incantation, "Pop, pip," and certainly looking very foolish as they did so, but it went no further. Mr. Webber grinned at Lord Shipton, who kept holding out his hands and asking softly, "Well, what am I to do? Tell me, Miss Polly; this is a very funny game."

The young man was greatly mortified, and our Katey felt for him, as she went up to him, and, fixing those earnest eyes of hers on him, said with all her heart, "Indeed, Mr. Leader, it is a very funny game, and when we know it better I am sure it will go off well."

He looked at her gratefully. "You understand it; you see how it goes."

"Oh! and Polly, too," said she, hesitatingly. "Polly is so clever at these things!"

Poor, sweet Katey! who by the mere power of unselfishness, seemed to pass into the soul of her sister, and think only of and for her.

But now "the materials" came up on

a little tray; and while the Doctor called on Mr. Webber to give them a Bacchanalian lyric, for which he was famous, entitled CHAMPAGNE, he said, innocently, "Katey, darling, come and mix for poor papa. I declare, my sweet, they'd engage you at the 'Lambra, or one of the great music-halls, at a fabulous sal'ry, if we'd let 'em. See, your reverence, I'll bet you a half-a-crown not one in the room gets such a tumbler as I shall. We've the patent, eh, dear?"

"Polly taught me," said Katey, pounding up ice, and squeezing lemons, in a really masterly style.

"Oh, yes! Polly has a touch of her own."

"If Miss Katey would help me," said the young man, his eyes fixed on her pretty fingers.

"Pon my word, no," said the Doctor, sternly. "I forbid it in toto. It's a respect due to me as head of this house, and I won't allow it now, seriously."

Katey whispered, eagerly. "Ah! Let Polly, do; do, dear Peter?"

Rebellious glances were flashed at him from the excited Polly, who would have burst into tears on the spot. But the Doctor had a determined way, even in trifles. "Now for the song, Billy," he cried. Who struck up at once without further invitation:

"They talk of claret and tokay

In cellar that has lain;

I heed not what such wise ones say,

Give me the bright champagne!

They boast their yellow Rhenish wine

That cheers both heart and brain,

But I know a liquor more divine,

Give me the bright champagne!

(Chorus.) The bright champagne,

Give me the bright champagne!"

"A little creak in the gear, Billy; oil the cogs a little," cried the Doctor; "there's the can!"

"And when some dark November day

Is black with clouds and rain,

I drive both clouds and rain away

With a glass of bright champagne.

(Mournfully.) When sick with sorrow, worn with strife,

Death comes to end my pain,

Kind friends, ah! call me back to life.

(Briskly.) With a glass of bright champagne!

Of bright champagne,

A glass of bright champagne!"

The Doctor led the chorus with a silver spoon, and made every one join. It was then he discovered that his young patient had "a real organ, round as a trumpet." Then all rose to go away.

It was when the Doctor was having his little "jokery" with Mr. Webber, that

Lord Shipton seized the opportunity to waylay young Leader. "Now, what day shall we expect you? Your room will be always there. Just put a few things in a bag—"

But the Doctor was wary. "Must interdict the whole, my lord. I can't have any junketing about for my patient, and don't put temptation in his way. Now, I forbid any junketing of this kind."

When Mr. Cecil was down at the garden-gate, having bade good-night to all, the Doctor placed himself in front of him, and, putting up his finger in a warning fashion, said:

"Now, see here, Master Cecil! You didn't keep your word to me."

"How?" said the other, confused.

"Oh, any how. Now it wasn't fair, and I must tell you plainly I won't have it. There are my two bright, brilliant girls, daughters to a physician, an M.R.C.S.I., and fit, I say it, to be wives to a duke apiece. Put any of your cold blue blood near 'em, and they'll hold their own."

"Oh, indeed they would."

"Very well. I know it well, and I don't want to be told it by any man. Now you know well enough," added the Doctor, slowly, "that you, and your people, have their own designs about you. There's some high and dry bit of gentility marked down for you by your mamma-in-law. You can't deny it. Now, I saw what went on to-night."

The young man got confused.

"My dear boy, we're both men of the world, and I don't want the creatures' heads to be filled with nonsense, and impossible dreams. Surely I saw poor Katey myself, hanging on the little stories you were telling, and our games, and all that! No, no; in future, I'll be your doctor, and tend you, and cure you, and be as friendly as your own mother; and I only wish you had one. But it must not go beyond that. Good-night, my dear lad, and forgive my plain speech; but Peter Findlater always spoke his mind, and always will."

When the guests were gone, and the Doctor came up-stairs to rejoin his family, he found them silent, with eyes bent on the floor. The brilliant Polly was standing up with very flushed cheeks, and those full lips, "like a burst cherry," pouting with an unmistakable expression of "sulk" and anger.

"Halloo!" cries the Doctor in real wonder, "what's gone wrong? Any one affronted you, Poll, my pet?"

"Oh, it's very fine, Peter," said the young lady, bursting into quite a torrent of her wrongs; "but it's only the way I am always treated!"

"But what's the treatment? Has any Jack among them dared t'insult my bud? By the——"

"Ah, nonsense, Peter! Leave off that. It's very hard that a girl should get no chance in her own house, but must be put down, and chilled up, in every way. It's mean and cruel," added Polly, vehemently.

"Lords and Commons save us!" said the Doctor, piously; "but this is th' Asiatic mystery to me. Katey, tell us what it's about, while your sister sits herself on the hob and cools a bit."

"Oh, yes, ask Katey! Anything so artful, and unkind, and unfair!" said Polly, in a burst of tears, and giving a little stamp at every word. "Pretending to help me on, and thrusting herself in before me—interrupting me at every little word I had to say!"

"Indeed, Polly, dear, it was all to help you, and to give you openings."

"Give *me* openings!" said her sister with pouting scorn. "As if I was a little baby! As if we wanted that poor young man, or were scheming to take him in! But you've finished it—that's the only finish you've made of it all. And you've set him against me; and I know he thinks I am a mere child, or a baby. And from this hour, Peter, it's no use talking to me; I'll never raise my little finger," and Polly raised a very pretty one as she spoke, "to attract him, or get him! Never! I am always put back and interfered with, and made to appear a child. No, no, let Katey use her own arts and tricks for herself. And then we'll see how she'll succeed. But I *hate*," another stamp, "hypocrisy! And the pretence of everything being done for Polly: while this under-hand work is going on all the time!"

Katey listened, a little wounded, but still with an air of being used to this sort of thing. The Doctor looked at his Polly, much as he would at what he called a "God-reward-ye" patient, in his parlour, and then turned away and began to whistle the Cruiskeen Lawn. He left it to Doctor Katey.

"Deed, Polly," she went on, "it was all to help you; not that you want help, but it was all for the best. Now, don't suspect; I'll manage better another time. I was new to it, and so afraid the young

fellow would think us stiff, if we didn't all try and make him at home." (The father and mother had by this time withdrawn, leaving "the case" in her hands.) "Now don't be angry with poor Katey; I wish you had heard me, and how he wanted to see you play the 'stool of repentance.' For I told him how charmingly you could do it, and he was quite curious."

Polly, who had been pouting and weeping all this time, now lifted her flushed face with interrogation in her daring eyes.

"No? did he? And he asked about that. I'm sure 'twould be better than his own foolish game. Did ye ever see such fiddle-de-dee nonsense? A child of four years old would have done something better. I declare I was ashamed before old Ship-ton——" Polly was of this gay, fretful temper; the sun or moon had broken out through the clouds and rain. In a moment the sisters were kissing and fondling each other. "It was Peter after all," said Polly; "it's hard to keep my temper with him. Did ye see when I wanted to mix for the young man—not that I cared about the honour. I declare Peter takes such fits, and was cross."

"Ah, but Peter's very wise, you know, wiser than you or I," said Katey, gravely.

The two girls thus sat up together in their room—talking over the party. Peter and his wife would now and again catch the sound of a ringing laugh. They were talking over plans of future enjoyment, and Katey, in her innocent heart, unfolded to her sister what she thought "the best plan" for the future. "Now you were angry with me to-night, and thought I interfered; but you know you are so gay, and piquant, and lively, that shy foolish creatures sometimes take fright at first, till they know you, and stand off——"

"Deed, yes," said Polly, thoughtfully, suspending her hair brushing; her bright eyes gleaming through her hair as though it was a veil. "I have noticed that sometimes, Katey."

"So I think. There's nothing like a friend at court, you gay and brilliant Polly: you are good enough for a duke's lady."

"Nonsense, Katey," said Polly, blushing, disclaiming the compliment.

"Yes you are," said her sister, seriously, "and it would be a cruel thing that people should take a wrong notion, or should not know what is really in you. So I think, dearest," added Katey, humbly, "it is only fair and just to you that some one

should set this right. And, dearest, if you would leave it all to me?"

There was much kissing on this, and the charming Polly graciously made the concession. There was some truth in what Katey had said, and a certain brusqueness and irrepressible gaiety of speech had been known on previous occasions to repel and alarm the youth of the other sex. And thus everything was brought back into the old rose-colour, and the sisters went to sleep full of new and delightful anticipations.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

SWITZERLAND is getting very hard lines indeed under the modern system of proving that half our old heroes are "myths," and that of those who are left almost every one was somebody else, and not at all the heroic personage we took him for. We can fancy a stout Switzer of one of the forest cantons, who still believes in William Tell, pouring out his indignation on the new lights who have "proved" that there never was any Tell at all; that the stories about him have simply grown together out of popular songs, like "Blind Harry's" history of Wallace; that, as for the apple, it is quite a matter of course in a certain class of stories. But what would the said Switzer say to exchanging for a very unromantic personage the Bonnivard of Byron's poem, who has become verily and indeed the Bonnivard of history, for is not M. Vulliemin, soberest of writers, quite moved to enthusiasm when he tells the tale of the prisoner of Chillon?

Little wrongs sometimes move us more than great ones, and we can fancy most Swiss young ladies being much more vexed at having their dear Bonnivard turned into a commonplace gentleman, who got through life with remarkable comfort, than even at losing the tyrant Gessler, and the leap out of the boat, and all the accessories of the "Tell legend" into the bargain. Besides, Tell's tale may be true after all; but we fear that Dr. Chaponnière (who has devoted a great deal of his life to the task) has shown beyond a doubt that the real prisoner of Chillon was a very shrewd, clear-sighted "trimmer," a good deal like Montaigne in the tone of his writings, but certainly not in the least romantic. No; if Byron's Bonnivard survives the attacks of Chaponnière, and Revilliod, and Marc-Monnier, it will simply be because every-

body reads Byron, and comparatively few ever hear of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

François Bonnivard was born at Seyssel in Savoy, in 1493, at a time when Geneva, always threatened by its bishop on the one hand, and by the Duke of Savoy on the other, was determining to throw in its lot with Friburg and Berne, and to get rid of dukes and bishops altogether. His family was noble, which in Savoy simply means that they were neither peasants nor shopkeepers. They never rose to the dignity of being styled *de Bonnivard*, but still they had property. And as this property included several "family livings," François, like many a squire's son in England, was brought up to the Church. When he was seventeen his uncle made him prior of St. Victor, a Benedictine monastery just outside the gates of Geneva, and here Bonnivard soon "developed" from the Savoyard squireen into a Genevese patriot, attaching himself warmly to Berthelier and the other chiefs of the progress party, and being led by them into a good deal more danger than his cautious nature approved of.

Geneva then was a very different place from the Geneva of Calvin. It was as merry a city as you could find anywhere north of the Alps; a place where fun of all kinds was lawfully earned by good hard work. The Genevese burghers were great men, traders most of them, who talked Latin with their apprentices, and had seats in the town council, where, sword in hand, and with their hats on, they received the homage of the little "nobles" who held land under the city. Geneva was full of inns, too, where man and horse were fed and housed for ten sous a day; so that there were always plenty of visitors attracted by this cheapness, and by the excellent tennis-courts, and the open-air plays always going on, and by the carnival, kept up here grandly in its season, and by the warm baths, and, above all, by the well-known beauty of the Genevese damsels. A more stirring place never existed than Geneva—on the qui vive against the Pope, who was always insisting on the right of naming the prince bishop, and against the bishop, who was always meddling in temporal affairs, and above all against the duke who, by some feudal complications, had managed to get his vidame (*vidomne*, *vice dominus*) inside, and so had secured a footing among the citizens, over whom he claimed certain judicial rights—hard set, in fact, to maintain its independence against outsiders, and yet fully determined to enjoy itself as well.

Charles the Good was then Duke of Savoy. Why he was called the Good it is difficult to tell, but it is certain that Charles was not by any means good to the Genevese. He got a sort of relation of his appointed bishop, and then the pair of them set about trying which could entrap the largest number of "patriots." Two of these, whom the duke inveigled into Savoy, he tortured, and then, for fear they should retract their confession, he had their throats cut "incontinently," and their bodies neatly packed in two barrels, which were sealed with his arms, and despatched, the one to Turin, the other to Geneva, "to encourage the rest;" their heads he kept for his own satisfaction, stuck on walnut-trees outside his palace. Such a duke naturally forced Geneva into the Swiss confederacy. Men like Berthelier, Levrier, and Bezansan Hugues, headed a band of noisy young scamps, who broke the laws and a great many windows to boot, but who saved Geneva. Bonnivard joined heart and soul with these men; he was a hard liver, like most of them; their lively ways, their jolly life, suited the young prior; he was recognised as one of the "Children of the City," and Berthelier said to him one day, "Shake hands, Mr. Prior; I see how it 'll be—for the love of Geneva you will lose your priory, and I shall lose my life." Many a good turn did Bonnivard do the patriots. One of his uncles, wishing to die good friends with the Church, left three cannon, which he had got to defend his castle, to be cast into bells for St. Victor's priory. "Let us have the guns," said Berthelier; "we can find you some bells about the town, I'm sure." So Bonnivard consulted a professor of theology, who ruled that the defunct uncle's intention would be fully carried out, provided St. Victor got bells, no matter whence, as big as could have been made out of the three culverins. Another uncle, a rabid Tory, came into town with a plan for getting the patriot, Levrier, into an ambush, and wanted François to join. "No," said he, "but if you mean to try that kind of thing, uncle, here are thirty florins, which I'll put by to have masses sung for your soul to-morrow." Thereupon he went straight to Levrier's son, his old school-fellow, and gave him a hint of his father's danger. In an hour's time the drums were beating, the train-bands were called out, and the uncle was very thankful to be able to ride out of Geneva by a back lane. In fact, Bonnivard became a person

of consideration; he had weight with both parties. As prior of "St. Victor at the Gate," he held the precedence of all the city clergy, taking rank next to the bishop; as canon of St. Peter's, he might have had a vote in the chapter, if he would have consented to take holy orders. He was a great man in Geneva; and, on the other hand, the duke's party did not like to touch him, both because he was a churchman and because of his Savoyard connexions. In 1519, however, the duke got into Geneva during one of those moments of weakness which occur in popular governments; the patriots were crushed for the time; Berthelier was beheaded, and the bishop hung and imprisoned whom he pleased. Nearly half the Genevese had at this time become eidgnots (eidgenossen, Huguenots), confederates banded together for freedom, and received as citizens of Friburg. Thither Bonnivard directed his steps, determined to use his "freedom of the city of Friburg," and to keep out of the way during the troubles; but, with over-caution, he entrusted himself to an abbot of Montheron and to a nobleman of the Pays de Vaud, who promised to carry him safely to Friburg. Instead of fulfilling their pledge, they took him to Montheron, and threatened him with instant death if he did not vacate his priory in favour of his captors. Bonnivard consented, but to no purpose; for the treacherous pair handed him over to the duke, who transferred him to the Bishop of Belley, by whom he was kept in prison nearly a year. Meanwhile, the bad bishop died; the eidnot party obtained the upper hand in Geneva, and a definite treaty was signed with Berne and Friburg. Then Rome was captured by the Constable Bourbon, and a great cry went abroad that not a priest was left alive in the Eternal City. Bonnivard, like many others, improved the opportunity by seizing his old priory of St. Victor, which had got into an Italian's hands, assuming that the said Italian had perished during the sack of Rome. The bishop could say nothing, for he had set the example by seizing the priory of St. John, which had belonged to some cardinal. "I didn't think very much of disobeying the Pope," writes Bonnivard, "so I determined to get well settled in St. Victor, though I was sure that there really had been no such good luck as the death of my Italian." Unfortunately, nearly all the lands from which he drew his income were in Savoyard territory; so he wrote in

all humility to the duke for leave to draw his rents. "I should be glad to oblige you," was the reply, "but your Italian is alive, and would certainly have me excommunicated if I put you in his place."

Hunger, however, makes men bold; and Bonnivard, not a man of war himself, leased the most accessible of the priory lands to a Friburg captain, one William Castes, and installed him in his castle of Cartigny. But Castes seems to have been bought over by the other side; for he rode out one day, leaving no one at home but a maid-servant, and the duke's people got hold of Cartigny. Bonnivard then joined with a butcher and ex-magistrate of Berne, who had left that city when it embraced the Reformation, and the two rode out one Sunday morning, with a good following of hacbut men, to try to get some rent out of Cartigny. They had a good dinner provided (Bonnivard never forgot his dinner), and while they sat down, they sent Diebolt, a Bernese, to parley with the castle folks. As soon as the unfortunate fellow got within range he was shot; and no sooner did the butcher of Berne hear the guns than he rode back as hard as possible, leaving Bonnivard to retreat as best he could. The prior managed admirably. He captured a nobleman who was coming out of a chapel in the village, and carried him off; and he sent up the country folks (on whom the castle people would be sure not to fire) to bring Diebolt out of range. On the march the wounded man wanted to drink, so the cavalcade halted; but, the alarm being given that the enemy was upon them, they ran away without Diebolt; making as they ran the wise reflection, that "it was not worth while to get into danger for a man who was all but dead." As soon as they got back to Geneva they began to finish the dinner which had been so rudely interrupted; but when the town council heard the story, they insisted on Bonnivard and his friend the butcher putting on their armour and going out with a sufficient force to recover their wounded comrade. Probably they did not hurry themselves in their preparation; for, before they had started, news came that Diebolt had been quite killed by a party of the Savoyards. So Bonnivard sat down to dinner again.

These traits mark the man; a man not exactly of the stuff of which martyrs are made. He could act energetically, however, when he was well supported; and the occasion soon came for energy, for St.

Victor itself very nearly fell into the duke's hands, owing to the treachery of one of the monks. Among the boldest of the duke's adherents were the "Knights of the Spoon," who got their name as follows: One day a ducal party were eating at the table the mess of rice porridge called *papet*, when one of them held up his spoon, and said, "This is the style in which we must eat up those Genevese." This sentiment was quite to the taste of the party; every noble guest wiped his spoon, hung it round his neck, and swore to "eat up" Geneva. They soon formed a troop, and, seizing Gaillard, a village a league from the city, began to cut off the provisions of the Genevese. Now, one of Bonnivard's monks was a Gaillard man, of good family, but good in no other sense, and him the Knights of the Spoon persuaded to help them to seize St. Victor. Bonnivard, however, was too quick for them: he got the syndic and the other authorities to come down in full force while the monks were at supper, and to carry them all off, garrisoning the priory with men from the city guard. The brethren were not at all dismayed at this sudden invasion: they were playing cards, and begged to be allowed to finish their game. "Remember, you owe me seven deniers," said one to another as they were marched off. Bonnivard's private prison in the priory not being strong enough, they were locked up in the *Hôtel-de-ville*, "without prejudice, be it understood," said this stickler for his rights, "to my sole jurisdiction as prior over my own monks." He stipulated, moreover, that they should be well cared for; and they were, in fact, so well cared for as to be very unwilling to leave their new quarters. "I lived in clover up there," said one of them, "and now I'm set free I shall have to starve, I suppose." Bonnivard, indeed, was not in a condition to do much for his brethren: he had hard work to get in any of his own income. To St. Victor's priory belonged certain meadows across the Arve bridge; but, before the prior had carried half his hay, the Knights of the Spoon came and saved him the trouble of carrying the rest. Bonnivard marched out to stop them, and the hacbut men on both sides fired many rounds without any damage but the killing of somebody's horse. Then the knights drew off, hoping to entice the prior across the bridge; but he, cautious as usual, declined to follow them, and after a few more hacbut-shots went back into the city.

At length the duke and the Genevese

made peace, one of the conditions being that Bonnivard should not go about any more trying to collect his rents in the duke's country. That the poor prior might not altogether starve, the city allowed him a very small pension: "I was obliged to put up with it," he says, "seeing they couldn't do any better for me." But he could not live doing nothing in Geneva, so he got a safe-conduct from the duke, and went to see his mother at Seyssel. His enemies, some of whom would have been glad of the reversion of the priory, valueless as it now seemed, immediately accused him of meaning to sell their secrets to the duke. So there was poor Bonnivard, not daring to stay at Seyssel, where his family had been too frightened to feel much pleasure at seeing him, and afraid to go back to Geneva, lest the syndic should arrest him as a traitor. He got his safe-conduct prolonged; wandered about the Pays de Vaud; and tried to sell his benefice to the Bishop of Lausanne for a small yearly pension. But one day, "when I was riding my mule towards Lausanne," he writes, "with a strong country fellow for a guide, the castellan of Chillon, with fifteen men, rushed out of a little wood by the wayside. 'Spur on, spur on!' I cried to my man; but instead of spurring he turned his horse right round, and jumped upon me, cutting through my sword-belt with a knife that he had ready. Before I could recover the surprise, the duke's people were upon me; and though I showed them my safe-conduct, they tied me hands and feet and carried me to Chillon Castle, where I was kept six years, till, by the blessing of God, and the intercession of the councils of Berne and Geneva, I was set at liberty."

For two years out of the six, the Prisoner of Chillon had not much to complain of. Beaufort, the castellan, gave him a comfortable room, and took up his quarters with him. He was a jolly fellow, like his prisoner; and the two played cards, told stories, and killed time together as best they could. But, by-and-bye the duke visited Chillon, and things were changed. By his orders Bonnivard was put into a dungeon (un escrotes, he calls it in his patois-French) partly below the level of the lake, "and there I had so much leisure to walk up and down, that I made a track along the rocky pavement as plain as if I had knocked it out with a hammer." All he says of his occupation here is that he used to amuse himself by making French and Latin ballads and short poems. Al-

together he does not seem to have suffered much, and the pathetic features of Byron's poem—the brothers dying before his eyes, the weariness which was worse than death, &c.—are all, in fact, pure romance. Bonnivard had no brothers at all, that we know of; and he kept himself merry by political speculations, among others by making lampoons, and consoled himself by looking forward to a real aristocracy, a true government of the best, among whom he of course would take high rank.

With his imprisonment, Bonnivard's public life may be said to end; he was set free in 1536, when Chillon was taken, and was brought back to Geneva in triumph. But his share in the triumph did not last long. Geneva had changed during these six years. It was now the Geneva of Calvin, a very different place from the merry profligate city where the prior of St. Victor had spent such a rattling life.

Everybody now lived by the severest rules. Nobody was allowed to sing or play anything but psalm tunes, even at weddings; nobody might wear jewels, or lace, or knickerbockers, or long-flowing hair; nobody might eat of more than two dishes at dinner, or play even a game of tric-trac. That is what one man (he whom his school-fellows used to call the "accusative case") had, by the sole force of his will, brought the gay city of Geneva to. He had everybody against him, the patriots—the party of Berthelier and Hugues—most of all; he was a foreigner, and the Genevese had always been shy of submitting to foreign influence; he was never made a magistrate; he did not even get the freedom of the city till quite the end of his career; he went dead against the traditional habits and feelings of the place; yet somehow he carried the whole city with him; for Geneva wanted to be an independent state, and people felt that, situated as they were, they could only keep free by marking themselves off by a strong barrier from all around them. Calvinism did for Geneva what the law of Moses did for the Jews; it kept them "a peculiar people."

Life had become gloomy; visitors who put up at the inns were not allowed to go out after supper; their dinner-hour (as well as that of all the town) was fixed by law, and "mine host" had to say grace so as to ensure their not sitting down to an unblest meal. "Mine host" had, moreover, to watch what visitors did, and to make his report to the authorities.

As for the priory, it had disappeared bodily, the Genevese having levelled their suburbs, as, indeed, it was needful they should when they set up for being independent in real earnest. Bonnivard claimed compensation. Martyrs generally have a pretty high opinion of their own deserts: and the Genevese were very poor just now. They offered him the freedom of the city, two hundred silver crowns a year, a seat in the Council of Two Hundred, and a house for himself and his lawful male heirs, on condition of his living in Geneva, and living withal a thoroughly reputable life. Bonnivard was not satisfied; he appealed to the Bernese town council, which was glad of the chance of interfering. Of course, the Genevese burghers were indignant at this step; but the ex-prior did not care. "I give up" (he wrote) "the freedom of your city, and all that, and I reserve all my vested rights as owner of my priory." At the same time he sent to the tenants, forbidding them to pay rent to any one but himself, their rightful landlord. The Council of Geneva seems to have been amused at his peremptory tone; indeed, they sent him back one of his protests with "stultus" written on the wrapper; but perseverance gained the day. Thanks to Bernese intervention, the income was raised to one hundred and forty gold crowns, and he received an advance of eight hundred to pay his debts, indebtedness being, it would seem, Bonnivard's normal state. Henceforward, for more than thirty years, his life was as unheroic as possible. He took care of himself, kept his room well-heated—a great luxury in those days—gathered books, which he bequeathed (with his debts) to the town, and married four wives; not simultaneously, of course. His first wife was a Bernese; his second, the widow of a Genevan syndic, ran away from him several times, and he brought her up periodically before the "tribunal of morals," the records of which are still extant, and show a pitiable series of counter-charges, she complaining of being beaten, he that she ran away because she was tired of him. After eight years of this sort of life the widow died, and Bonnivard had the courage to marry another lady with a grown-up son. His last wife, Catherine de Courtavel, was a young nun to whom he had written verses so affectionate, that the consistory decided they were equivalent to an offer of marriage. Bonnivard appealed to the civil magistrates, who put him on his oath: "If you can swear that you did not mean

marriage—that, as you say, you could not marry without consulting your relations, then you must be punished for writing love letters, implying such a promise. We won't send you to prison, old man as you are" (he was close upon seventy), "but you will have to attend all the Wednesday and Friday preachings." Poor Bonnivard tried hard to get off. He swore that he only loved Catherine as a sister; but the dread of the sermons prevailed, and he married her in 1562. Catherine was as good a Greek scholar as Lady Jane Grey; but the marriage turned out ill; and the lady was, after a short time, accused of being too fond of an ex-monk whom the ex-prior had taken into his service. The pair were tortured, and under torture confessed their crime. The monk's head was cut off; and Catherine was sewn up in a sack and thrown into the Rhone. Geneva was changed, indeed, when punishments like this were the order of the day.

Now Bonnivard was not at all the man to make a good Calvinist. He had only become a reformer to spite the Pope for adjudging his priory to the rival claimant, the Abbot of Montheron; he was not a predestinarian; he was an easy-going free liver, who found the strict rules and compulsory church-goings intensely vexatious; he even wrote a song against Calvin, who despised him, only mentioning him once, and that slightly, in all his voluminous correspondence. Yet, shortly after his return, our ex-prior threw all his influence into the scale of Calvinism, and fiercely attacked his old associates, "the libertines," as the "patriots" were now called—for most of them, unable to bear the Frenchman's iron rule, were restless and planning a revolution. For this change Michelet credits Bonnivard with something more than shrewdness and the desire to be on the winning side: "He saw that nothing but Spartan austerity could save the place from falling under duke or bishop. The Calvinist discipline triumphed where anything else would have failed—triumphed over lack of men, lack of territory, lack of all material things, and gave us what may well be styled the city of mind, built by stoicism on the rock of predestination. Geneva may, indeed, be called the modern Sparta. When any Greek state was in peril, Sparta used to send it a general; when any state in Europe wanted a man to organise the new faith in the face of torture and death, Geneva always had one ready. Peter Martyr

she sent to England, Knox to Scotland, Marnix to the Low Countries." Bonnivard saw that this system was the only salvation for Geneva, and he went in heartily for it, and became the historian of the Reformation. Even so he did not please Calvin. In 1551 he put his *Chronicles of Geneva* into the hands of the council, but Calvin would not let them be printed, and they remained in manuscript till 1831. A second edition was put forth two years ago; and a very one-sided history it is, but clever, strikingly clever in its way of hitting off a portrait in a few lines. Bonnivard is not one-sided on purpose; no man ever tried harder to be impartial. He hits out at all parties: "We cry down the papists" (he says), "and we do far worse than they." Just as some of us now-a-days declaim against "illiberal liberals," he talks of *difformes réformateurs*. "We have said above" (he adds) "a great deal to the discredit of popes and their belongings, but what good can we possibly find to say of our own people?" No wonder Calvin didn't like him—only tolerated him, in fact, because of his bitter pamphlets against the restless "libertine" party, with which (let us remember) he had been identified during all the time before his imprisonment. But though he supported the rigorous system, at least in theory, he was no bigot, like most of its supporters. A good many people, especially in the "territory" outside the city, held to the old faith. He and Farel were deputed to meet their representatives and to argue the question. "You must prove out of the Bible," said Farel, "that the mass and all your other popish ceremonies are approved by God." The spokesman of the Romanist party asked time to think the matter over. "He's right," said Bonnivard, "they ought to have time;" and he strove as hard as he could to move Farel, who was for "converting" everybody without giving them time to come round of themselves. Farel had his way, as was likely in those days, when toleration was as little understood as it was practised; but Bonnivard deserves praise for a breadth of view quite unusual then and there.

Of his essays, all that need be said is, that they remind us of Montaigne—the same shrewdness, the same rambling style, the same fondness for coarse jokes, even on the most sacred subjects. He is one of the group of writers who helped to make Geneva a "literary centre." The Reformation got hold of science and art as well as of religion,

and it got hold of language as well. French took the place of Latin; and book French rapidly freed itself from classicalities of construction, and adopted a more straightforward style of arranging sentences. Bonnivard helped to bring about this result; if there had been a few like him among the German reformers, book German would not be the heavy, pompous, inverted stuff that it is—bad enough to have been (as Heine used to say it was) invented in the government office of Luther's elector.

And now that we have seen something about the real Bonnivard, let us look at the figure which Byron (forgetting his favourite Rousseau's brief notice of the man, "one who loved liberty though he was a Savoyard, and who was tolerant though he was a priest") has dressed up in what he rightly calls his "fable." Chillon is a grand ruin, and contrasts finely in its sombre grandeur with its lovely surroundings. Byron and *Hobhouse* went over it all; and it was clear that the poet was not listening to the explanation of the sottish corporal who played *cicerone*: as he carved his name on one of the pillars, he was thinking of the possibilities of the place; and when he came out he seemed wild with delight, and kept tossing half-guineas to all the little children he met on his road. Then came the two days' rain at Ouchy, and during that delay the poem was written which has made Bonnivard famous by destroying his identity.

The oddest thing about it is Byron's introduction. He says, "When I wrote this poem I didn't know enough of my hero, or I should have endeavoured to celebrate his courage and his virtues;" and he then gives several paragraphs in French with which some Genevese had furnished him. The pompous style of this "life," and its fulsome praise of the "great man who never hesitated to sacrifice his comfort or his freedom to secure the freedom of Geneva," are amusing now that we know the real facts, and perceive that the real and the Byronic Bonnivard are two perfectly distinct individuals. The poem is a very beautiful one, but it is indeed a "fable:" it enshrines in singularly forcible and yet melodious verse all the common-places about imprisonment; Marie Antoinette in the Temple, *De Latude* in the Bastille, and many more, have been pressed into the poet's service. It is charming to read about the prisoner making a footing in the wall, not to escape, but, because

I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more upon the mountains high
The quiet of a loving eye.

If Bonnivard looked out, it is much more likely that he fell to calculating the chances of his ever getting any of his priory rents, than that he wasted his time in admiring the scenery. And as for regaining "his freedom with a sigh," we have seen that he was fresher than ever the moment he got back to Geneva.

As we said, it is rather hard upon Switzerland to lose her representative men in this way. The true Bonnivard was not at all a bad fellow, and useful enough in his day. Some readers may perhaps find him more interesting than the sentimental survivor of the three brothers of romance. The young ladies won't think so; neither will the whole family of guides and excursionists; but truth is truth, and so we have thought it worth while to give some account of Bonnivard as he really was.

BEHIND THE ROSES.

Down in a dell in the west countrie,
Mid bowers that slope to the sunny sea,
There stands a cottage on the lawn,
Full in the flush of the early dawn.

Over the porch the roses creep,
In at the windows the roses peep;
O'er all the place there seems to brood
The spirit of happy solitude.

"Here would I dwell," thinks Beauty bright!
Dreaming at noon of her heart's delight!
"And here," says Care, "I'd build my nest,
Far from the world and be at rest!"

Open the door behind the flowers!
Tread softly through to the inner bowers!
And there you'll find a lady fair,
Pining under a load of care.

A lovely woman, wed to a loon,
Unworthy to wipe her sandal shoon
Loveless, childless, wasting away,
For want of a mate on her wedding day.

Blossom, ye roses on her path!
Few and short are the joys she hath!
Feast her eyes with beauty and bloom,
Bathe her senses in sweet perfume!

You and the gentle spirits of song,
That haunt her harp when the day seems long,
Are all she hath (were her story told),
To keep her heart from growing cold.

UNDER CANVAS.

TENT life at Wimbledon is once more a subject of the hour, and we are again being told of the comforts and contrivances to be found under the canvas of our volunteers. When I studied this phase of existence last summer, I only knew of tent life in the East from books. Since then I have

been under canvas in many distant lands, and my tent in the desert or wilderness has been as familiar an experience to me as my desk or my easy-chair at home. I fear the result has been not to increase my powers of hero-worship at Wimbledon. I fear that far from admiring my volunteer friends as adventurous spirits, indifferent to the comforts of life, I shall regard them as a traveller round the world might be expected to look on the tourist whose explorations are limited to Margate or Gravesend. I shall not disparage, but I shall compare. Wimbledon will be hospitable, convivial, and pleasant; will make its guests heartily welcome, and will be rightly proud of its ready adaptability to circumstances. The portable chairs, and collapsing couches, the admirable cooking, the excellent concerts, the jovial mess-dinners, and the perfect discipline in which the adjutants keep the camp, come to mind whenever its annual gathering is named; but, on the other hand, I must be allowed to ask what it knows of jackals? Where are its lizards and foxes? How is it off for wild dogs? How can tent life be complete without camels, Arabs, Bedouin robbers, and endless sand?

On the desert by Sakkara, with the solemn pyramids keeping guard, and the grey Egyptian foxes, the milk-white stupid ibises, and the large piebald crows, like magpies stricken in years, crossing our path with strange indifference whenever we left our tent door; by the banks of the Suez Canal, after Ismailia had been reached by the fleet, and when the Arab rejoicings, ordered beforehand by the Viceroy, took the form of hideously discordant music, which lasted through the night; on the mountains and wilderness of Judæa, in the midst of which David sang; and, lastly, on board the steam ship Sumatra, on the Red Sea, have I been living under canvas. The dragoon placed at my disposal by the Egyptian government was a well-meaning but incapable impostor, who, professing encyclopedian knowledge, invariably broke down when the time for performance came, but who was so plausible and pleasant, so humorously subservient and polite, so ostentatiously anxious to please, that I grew fond of him at last, and came to look upon the quagmires he led me into as among the inevitable conditions of travelling in the East. Thus, I found myself prostrate in a mummy-pit, into which I had been thrown head foremost by my donkey, with no stronger sentiment than a desire to get up

and get out as speedily as possible. The fine desert sand makes soft tumbling ground, and though the bits of broken earthenware, mingling with the pulverised human and animal bones with which it is mixed hereabouts, has a slightly gritty feeling to the hands and face, matters might easily be worse, and our excellent Hassan is profuse in his expressions of regret. He has misled our party of four on our way over the desert from the pyramids of Ghizeh—the pyramids of everybody's school-days—to the other and less familiar group of pyramids, under the shadow of which our tent is pitched; night has come on, and there is no moon, and we have to thread our way in the dark through a maze of excavated temples and open pits, looking in vain through the thick night for our beacon-fire. Hassan cheers us by the news that there are "very bad Bedouins about," and that he has hired armed men from the village of Abousir to guard the tent we cannot find; and, finally, after persisting boldly that the next and the next wave of stone and sand alone hides our resting-place, fairly sits down and cries by the way-side, until his bellowing rouses the bats from their tombs, who fly past us with their great wings fanning our cheeks. Hassan's tears show us that we must depend on ourselves, and as he becomes more limp and abject every minute, we treat him with hypocritical gentleness, beg him to remount his ass, and dividing our party into detachments of one, ride in different directions round the pyramid, which is at once our landmark and our will-o'-the-wisp. For, dark as the night is, we are sufficiently near this pyramid to know that there is, in a given direction, something between us and the sky, and so stumbling often, and, as we found afterwards, describing many a weary circle among the holes and tombs of the endless desert, we contrive at last to find the hollow in which nestles our tent. Hassan had for the last half-hour done nothing but wag his head and body to and fro from the waist upwards, and each time his forehead touched his donkey's mane, call upon Allah piteously.

The flexible Mr. Punch, when congratulating himself upon triumphing over his enemies, and banging his head on the puppet-show stage, represents Hassan's motion at this time; while the grunt of the Irish pavior, with its forced cadence at the end, is not unlike his cry of prayer, "E-Heu!" (Allah) with a pause between the first and second syllable, and a strong

aspiration of the "H," is as nearly the invocation as it can be written in English, and it is to be heard on all occasions when there is difficulty to be surmounted or work to be done by the people of Egypt. It comes upon you everywhere. The sailors of our Nile boat when tightening a rope or shifting a sail; the women and children filling hand-baskets with earth, and carrying them on their heads from point to point to remedy the damage done to a road by the recent inundations; the workmen engaged in building up a new wall to our hotel; the Arabs busy about our tent; and, lastly, the howling dervishes of Cairo, all practise this monotonous, melancholy "E-Heu!" and all deliver themselves of the last syllable as if it were fired off suddenly from the pit of the stomach.

Hassan gave up praying, and brightened up immediately we found the tent, for two of the Arab servants, sent on in the morning and left in charge, were squabbling, and the self-imposed necessity of beating them vigorously about the head with a stirrup-leather quite restored his spirits. He had no shame at having wept. "The very bad Bedouins might have come upon us, and we might all have been robbed and killed, and then what would poor Hassan have done for other gentlemen to take into the deserts," was, he considered, sufficient explanation and excuse. The tent he had hired was horribly small and wretchedly ill-provided. We had, under advice, brought a well-stocked hamper and wine from our hotel, so that we were independent in the matter of food. But in every detail which would have added to our comfort this most pretentious of dragomen fell short. Our overcoats and railway rugs were our only bedding, and even the soft sand developed a surprising facility for resolving itself into ridges and lumps during the weary night. Our valiant guards snored more loudly than anything human I ever heard before, and as their extreme solicitude for our welfare led them so to place themselves outside, that their sleeping bodies could be felt distinctly through the canvas when we lay down for the night, we lost in comfort what we were fancifully supposed by Hassan to gain in security. Our tent was so narrow that we had to pack tightly, and the two lying nearest its sides were compelled to roll themselves against the canvas, so as to convert it into hammocks turned sideways, while at every stretch of the limbs, heads, legs, and arms came into collision. We had dined at full length on the

sand, dividing a turkey with our hands, and had lain down for dessert in Roman fashion. The night air of the desert was too keen for us to do more than enjoy it during a brisk turn to and from the subterranean temple and the tombs of the sacred bulls, and so, stiff with a long desert ride and with climbing the great pyramid, cold, tired, and dispirited, we listened, first, to the jests and stories, finally to the grunts and snores, of Hassan and his troupe.

There was a solemn pleasure in relieving the wakefulness of the night by lifting the curtain doorway and stepping out upon the open sand. Mummy rags, whitened skulls and thigh-bones, and broken pots which, thousands of years ago, had held embalmed birds and cats, crunched beneath the feet. The moon had risen, and the stars shone brightly so that the proportions of the terraced pyramid of Sakkara could be traced against the spangled sky. But it was the knowledge that we were in the very centre of the ancient Necropolis of Memphis, that the relics of humanity against which we stumbled belonged to the dwellers in a city in which Moses spent his youth, and was initiated into the mysteries of Egyptian priestcraft, long before he knew that his mission was to lead the chosen people out into the wilderness; the knowledge that we were brought face to face with the relics of civilisation which was at its height centuries before the faith we reverence existed in the world, and that the moon and stars, shining with such cold brightness, looked down upon a scene which had remained unaltered in its dreary bareness and sterile ruin since a period prior to the commencement of our era—it was all this which made our first night in, or rather out, of a tent, delightful. Hassan had, of course, not thought of water for toilette purposes, and would not have fed our patient, willing little steeds, save that we insisted upon forage being sent for to a village on the banks of the Nile some miles distant, and had refused to start till we were obeyed. Every arrangement was defective, and those of my companions who slept professed themselves unrefreshed. But whenever I have met Egyptian travellers, who had pursued the ordinary course of "doing the pyramids," who had so arranged as to ride back to Cairo the same afternoon, and who rather plumed themselves on having been able to chat over the day's experience at the hotel table d'hôte, I have mentally thanked Hassan and the fates which led me, after visiting the great

pyramids and the sphinx, to span the intervening miles of desert between Ghizeh and Sakkara, and that my tent accommodation was so comfortless as to make me spend half the night and all the early morning with the mummies, the pyramids, and the endless sand.

My second experience under canvas was of a totally different kind, for I accepted Egyptian out-door relief at Ismailia, and was made happy. This was the day of the opening of the canal, and when, through the courtesy of Nubar Pacha, I had been carried as far as Lake Timсах, in advance of the Empress of the French and the other exalted guests, I found myself, as I thought, adrift. But, after a little delay, and some negotiations with a portly French quartermaster, I was relegated to one of the tents provided by the Viceroy, and here, with one companion, I was as comfortable as the somewhat scanty character of our tent's fittings permitted. A mattress, two sheets, a coverlid, and a washing-basin, comprised the whole of our furniture; and as we were both compelled to write for several hours for the English mail next day, the accommodation was scarcely sumptuous. We did not eat under canvas, for a temporary restaurant, with ample meals at regular hours, had been established hard by; but we dressed for the vice-regal ball under canvas; and, under canvas, we wrote all day at full length on the sand. We recorded the ceremonies connected with the opening of the canal, and we frightened a Greek camp-robber half out of his wits. It was at the most intensely hot part of the day, when head and hand were weary with the long strain and the awkward attitude, that I threw myself on my mattress for a few minutes' rest. I suppose I fell asleep, for a picturesque-looking gentleman was gently fingering the straps of my travelling-bag when I turned on my uneasy couch. I saw at once that he had a knife and pistol in his belt; but it was broad daylight, there were plenty of people about, and there was not the least danger. My tent was one of a row, and within shouting distance of the Roman Catholic church on the one side, and the crowded refreshment-house on the other; so I waited quietly till he looked my way, which he did the instant he found the bag was locked, and then I dashed my washing-basin full of water in his face, shouting, or rather shrieking, at the same time some strong language in English at the very top of my voice. I never saw my friend again. Bounding back with the

activity of a young roe, he disappeared through the canvas doorway, and was lost in the maze of small cafés and Arab singing-rooms clustered near. The Egyptian cavasse, who came up directly afterwards, was extremely anxious that I should follow the matter up, and would, I believe, on the least encouragement, have taken every Greek in the place before the kadi, there to answer for the sins of the intruder who had favoured me with a visit. But I had neither time nor inclination for a protracted inquiry, or for being bound over to appear, so I compromised matters by asking for an extra guard, and had the satisfaction of hearing arms grounded and rattled within a few inches of me all the following night. Some days later I heard that the day after this adventure the bastinado was applied publicly to a man who partly answered to the description of my visitor. As my friendly cavasse never saw the Greek, however, and as, from the exigencies of language, my explanations were given principally in signs, I have painful doubts as to whether the authorities pitched upon the right man.

My next experience under canvas was in the Holy Land. It was after a severe tossing off the jagged rocks which form the only entrance to the port of Jaffa, and as we were picking our way in single file through the thick and heavy mud which covers the plain and burying-ground between the town-gate and the Jerusalem hotel, that we made the acquaintance of Aleé Sulyman. He introduced himself, and we did not like him. We were out of temper with the horde of backsheesh-hunters who had fastened on us before we landed, who had laid violent hands upon our persons and our property, and who were now following and swooping round us—a flock of noisy and ill-conditioned birds of prey. Aleé laboured under the disadvantage of being first seen with these surroundings, and I am afraid his card was dashed rudely aside when proffered. He knew his own moral weight, however, and he respected himself. Silently, and with a certain mournful dignity, he withdrew his outstretched hand, and waited until we should find ourselves in a difficulty, and require his help. The chief of the Jaffa custom-house had discharged his official duties with our baggage; that is, he had spoken out at once, and prevented the possibility of our misunderstanding him. "I not want you to open anything," said the honest fellow, "if you give me small something for myself;" thus confirming what one of our

shrieking captors had informed us, but which we could not believe, that "Customs only want little backsheesh, and never troubles peoples at all." It is the landing in small boats, and the frequent impossibility of landing at all, that makes Jaffa an undesirable port to try for; and that led us into trusting to the resources of the country for our tents. You leave Alexandria or Port Saïd profoundly uncertain as to whether or no you will be carried on to Beyrout against your will. Should this happen, your twenty-four hours' journey will be multiplied by four, and you will find yourself nearly as many days' journey from Jerusalem as you hoped to be hours. Travellers have been known to pass backwards and forwards for weeks, changing their steamers at the nearest stopping-places, in the vain hope of the weather changing and their being able to land at Jaffa; and only a fortnight before our arrival, the Emperor of Austria, in his determination to be in Egypt in time for the opening of the Suez Canal, ran considerable risk by insisting upon the boatmen taking him through the narrow passage between the rocks to his steamer lying in the roadstead beyond. His Majesty's suite remained behind, as the Jaffa boatmen were never tired of telling us, not liking the danger, and the great emperor's personal bravery, and the munificence of his backsheesh, were extolled in an Arab chorus. But this talk, though interesting, scarcely bore upon our needs; and as in the East directly you admit a want, some incompetent person starts up who is embarrassingly eager to minister to it with profit to himself, we all held our tongues and followed silently in the footsteps of our Sheik. This ruler, who was, it must be understood, one of our own party of four, had been elected by acclamation by his fellow-travellers, who had volunteered to abide by his decrees; and each of whom had begged him tenderly, and in private, to assert and exercise his absolute authority over the other two. We all knew what the Sheik had on his mind, and that how we were to be provided for in Palestine, and whether we had done wisely in deciding against bringing a dragoman with tents and bedding from Egypt, were subjects weighing heavily with him now. For his position of authority, look you, had, like landed property, its duties as well as its rights. We left ourselves in his hands joyously, we accepted his propositions with grateful submission, but we looked at the

same time for shelter and food. We were, moreover, strong, vigorous, and hearty, and it would have gone hardly with the Sheik if he had proclaimed us tentless, or if there had been any trifling on a subject so serious as our meals. Thus it was, that when he asked us furtively what we thought of Alee Sulyman, we tacitly declined to commit ourselves, and again vowed our willingness to be ruled by our Sheik in all things. This maintained our right of future criticism or fault-finding intact; no small matter when we were running counter to the advice of travellers experienced in the country, who insisted that the only safe and wise course was to bring a dragoman and tents from Egypt. The Sheik had thought otherwise, and this morning at Jaffa would decide whether he was right or wrong. As it was, we had landed in a part of the country which we knew to be destitute of roads and carriages, and now had a long and rough journey, or series of journeys, before us, for which we were unprovided save by a small valise apiece.

The Sheik was absent for an hour after we reached the Jaffa hotel, at the end of which he returned, in high spirits, with a contract paper already drawn up, with Alee Sulyman in attendance, and with a full and hilarious account of his interview with the English vice-consul, and the kindly interest that gentleman had taken in our welfare. A revulsion of feeling followed, for to speak plainly we had abused our friend finely in his absence, asking, in rebellious mood, why we had been brought out of Egypt to starve, and why matters were not arranged comfortably at first by our paying a Cairo dragoman the lump sum he demanded for the trip. For the benefit of future travellers in Palestine, who will assuredly have the most contradictory advice given them by dwellers in adjacent lands, I have pleasure in recording that the Sheik was right throughout, and that we had neither difficulty in meeting with a dragoman on landing, or in concluding such an arrangement with him as resulted in one of the best-managed and most successful holiday tours any of us had known.

For thirty shillings per day per head, or six pounds per day for our party of four, our new friend Alee undertook to convey us where we would; to provide horses, mules, tents, bedding, and furniture; to take us by any route we preferred to any spot we fixed upon; to supply us with food, guides, and, where necessary, armed

guards; and to pay all backsheesh to servants as well as to priests and other custodians at the places we visited. This agreement bound us to no time, and was terminable at pleasure. Each contracting party had to abide by it, however, for as long as they kept together, so that whether we were at hotels in the holy city, at convents to which we had sent on our cook and servants beforehand, or in tents in the wilderness, Alee relieved us of all responsibility, and we knew precisely how much our travelling and living expenses came to. Wine and beer were the only extras; and though as a matter of fact we made presents amounting to a few pounds to Alee himself and to some of his staff, this was purely voluntary, and was done to testify, in Oriental fashion, our satisfaction at the treatment we received. This is what advancing civilisation, steamboats, and cheap travelling, have brought a pilgrimage in the Holy Land to, and, always supposing your dragoman is as good and faithful as ours, a pleasanter consummation it would be difficult to conceive.

It was by the Pools of King Solomon, and when we were on our road to Bethlehem by the way of Rachel's tomb, that we first really appreciated Alee. Up to this time we had so arranged our marches as to reach a town or convent at night, and beyond a general feeling that our horses were sure-footed, and that our dragoman was unobtrusively obliging, we had formed no very distinct opinion concerning him. "Wait until we see what he does for us when we camp out," was the answer whenever our Sheik showed a disposition to praise Alee, or to plume himself on his own good management; and this first night in the wilderness was regarded as the crucial test of the enterprise. Never shall I forget the delight, nay, the emotion with which, after a hard ride in a fierce sun, Alee led the way down a rocky defile on the mountain side, and to the back of a ruined khan, which, with its thick walls and embattlements, looked as if it might again be used as a fortified retreat for the traveller on his way between Jerusalem and Hebron, who seeks protection from the wild Bedouins. Here, on a grassy knoll, which looked all the brighter for the rugged and perpendicular masses of grey stone which closed in the prospect on all sides of it, were the tents. Close by them was Alee, who had already dismounted, and was anxiously waiting to do the honours. Beyond him were the Arab servants and baggage boys, and

beyond them again and by the wall of the khan were the horses and mules tethered and munching their mid-day meal. It seemed quite impossible that all these preparations could be for us. There were nine horses, mules, and asses, making, with those we rode and Alee's, fourteen in all; there were two tents, either of which would have held the four of us, in what would have seemed luxuriant comfort after our experience at Sakkara, and there was a third tent of equal size, at the door of which was a large charcoal stove, and two Arabs busily at work with stews, and meats, and soup. There never was such a delightful surprise.

"Try nice glass of lemonade, sir; fresh lemons just squeezed, sir, and all ready; good after riding, sir," was Alee's greeting; and, following him into the first tent, our astonishment and delight increased. It was lined throughout with light chintz, a delicate moss-rosebud on a white ground, and on each side was an iron bedstead, the spotless counterpane and snowy sheets of which made one long to go to rest then and there. The floor was spread with Indian matting, and in the centre, with cloth laid, with napkins spread for each person, and with a sufficient supply of plate, crockery, and glass, stood our dinner-table. We drank our lemonade with hearts overflowing with loyalty to the Sheik, and we began to regard Alee as a very remarkable man. Picturesque we knew he was, and standing as he did, giving the word, now of command, now of encouragement to his followers, always speaking to the purpose, and never saying too much, we wondered his appearance had not struck us earlier as remarkable. A swarthy Arab skin, jet black hair, high cheek-bones, a firm mouth, and square chin which is kept close shaven, a brilliant set of teeth, dark eyes, which flash fire when the underlings are disobedient, or slow, and a prominent aquiline nose, make up Alee's face. In stature Alee is some five feet ten, with a broad pair of shoulders, deep chest, and sturdy legs; his figure is soldierly, and when riding with us, he makes his Arab horse curvet, and bound, and arch its neck, until his seat recalls Franconi. Alee's costume is only half Oriental. A bright silk Arab *kyfu* bound round the temples by a fillet of camel's hair, flouts its long ends gaily in the wind, and is turban and silk *pugaree* in one. A loose-fitting coat of brown cloth, a pair of black Turkish trousers, ankle boots, and white socks,

which leave a margin of bare flesh peeping at their tops, give him a rather rakish air, and, particularly when he is on horseback, remind one of the pictures of the defenders of the Crescent. Alee, be it understood, is a man of substance, and is worth, we were told later, several thousand pounds.

In this business, the tents and plant all belong to him and to his partner—a somewhat unprepossessing young man we met one day near Ramleh with an old lady and gentleman in charge—and he can accommodate twenty people travelling in company comfortably and completely. When the party is large he provides a spacious tent as evening saloon and meal-chamber, in which no one sleeps; and he becomes quite eloquent on the subject of ladies travelling in the Holy Land, on hearing us hazard the opinion that it must be rough work for them. "Everything as comfortable as they could have at home," Alee insisted; "you gentlemen travelling in small party don't know what I can do, have beautiful ladies' tents, easy-chairs, sofas, carpets, looking-glass, everything same as at home."

When our dinner has been served and eaten, our mental attitude towards Alee is one of affectionate respect, and every day adds to this feeling and gives it strength. We live far better than we can do at the hotel. We have soup, fish, entrées, kibbaub, joints, sweets, and dessert, all faultless, and we find our tents pitched, the cloth laid, and our dinner in preparation at the end of each day's journey. Wimbledon would be amazed at the rapidity with which we moved from place to place in the Holy Land, always finding our comforts ready for us at night, and always under the orders of our Sheik. The Cave of Adullam, the banks of the Jordan, the site of ancient Jericho, Bethlehem, Bethany, were all visited thus, and though I have since been under canvas in India and on the Red Sea, the luxurious tents provided by the excellent Alee Sulyman of Jaffa are those I shall most exult over at Wimbledon when camping with the volunteers.

SERMONS AT BATTERSEA.

SERMONS, pure and simple, are excellent in their way: whether preached from the pulpit, the tub, the stump, or even the coping; the difference is immaterial. In the last three instances, where credit can be given for sincerity and real earnestness, the feeling can only be that of

respect; but there is often a presumption of motives quite the reverse—too often a self-sufficiency and arrogance which disgust rather than invite. On the open space of road at the entrance to Battersea Suspension Bridge, hard by to that most picturesque region of Cheyne-walk, near to a really pleasant part of the river, the genuineness of this mode of enlightenment may be tested by those who relish such inquiries. For here every Sunday evening—apparently, through the year; for we have visited it, at long intervals, and find the entertainment never flagging—a display of fancy preaching in different styles of discussion, conducted on the true principle of “lose your argument, lose your temper!” with explanatory expositions of all kinds, go forward with an almost dramatic variety. As we debouch on this open place, with the quaint grounds of Chelsea at the back, we see the place covered over with a dozen or more groups of about twenty persons, in the centre of each of which, arms are seen going up and down, hammering, as it were, on the anvil of argument, or, rather, assertion; while frowning lips and strained eyes testify to the eagerness of the combatants. Were these merely the usual evidences of the brotherly love of differing Christians, there would be nothing worthy of note, nothing worth the attention of readers of this journal, in the exhibition; but as we draw near, and observe the groups looking away—the popular fashion of listening—we find there are things going on here, subjects uttered and gravely reasoned on, which might well confound much of the decent respectability of the age. There may be a question as to the propriety of interference with those strange gatherings at the foot of Lord Nelson’s statue, when Sir Edwin Landseer’s lions are ridden by patriots; but some check on the wanton profanities to be heard here every Sunday evening, issuing from a class contemptible, it is true, in numbers, and position, though, perhaps, not in ability, might be worthy the consideration of a zealous metropolitan member of parliament.

Let us approach group number one, up by the railings, where a gentleman of foreign aspect, speaking strange English, effective from his vehemence and passion, is clutching hold of the bars, keeping, at the same time, a precarious footing on the coping, while the disengaged hand, very lanky and dirty, gesticulates furiously.

“I will tell you, my friends, who is at

de bottom of all dis. De priests—I do not mean de Catholic priests, or de Protestant—but all indishcriminately. Vat is it dey want? Your money! money! money! dat is dere cry. Every vere, dey pillage de people. I will take your own Bible; I do not believe in it myself, but I look on it with the greatest respect, as one of de most important and valuable historical works in de whole world; well, what do we see in de Bible? Had de Apostles carriage and ten towsend a-year, and a palace at Fulham? No-o—” this a roar, and very frantic, “de priests and priestcraft is destroying de world—eating you all up!”

A voice in the crowd, “All bosh! That was said a hundred years ago, and refuted.”

“My friends, he says it is ‘boss.’ Dat is always de way wid de priests—dey never argue. Ah, my friends! dat is always de way—dey hoodwink every one.”

A grave, red-cheeked gentleman in the crowd says, “This is mere ribaldry! I am ashamed to see sensible Englishmen listening to this rubbish, picked up from foreign countries.”

Friends of the orator interpose angrily, and protest against the interruption.

“But it is contemptible,” goes on the interrupter, “to hear such stuff talked, and it’s as old as Tom Paine and his fellows.”

“Dat is not argument. Ah, you see, gentlemen, dese fine Christians dey always descend to abuse.”

“I could demolish all your nonsense in two minutes. The Scripture says—”

“Please do not interrupt me, sir, I am speaking—you and your friends may have your turn afterwards,” &c.

Passing to another group, we see signs of hilarity, and discover a combat going on in the middle, between a stout red-faced lady flourishing a very black book, clutched between the fingers of thread gloves, at a very grizzled Hibernian.

The Irishman is the champion of his own religion, the Catholic; both, like every one else on the ground, have arrived at the stage of losing their temper. We standing near catch the words, “You poor benighted creature, you!” “Where was yer church before Martin Luther?” with other threats and ripostes of a kindred kind, all keenly enjoyed by the bystanders. Periodically each disputant throws up his or her eyes and his and her hands, lost in wonder, doubting if there be a Providence to hear such things put forward. “Powers

above us! after that! Answer me this: Do ye believe in the creed?" and he goes through the articles seriatim, and questions arise, "Do you believe this?" "Yes," very bitingly. "Do you believe that?" "Yes," still more bitingly and snappishly; until they arrived at a later period, when she folds her arms fiercely, and putting her head back, says, "Never, never!" "O, then, hear her, hear her!"

But here are the sounds of music, and we turn to another part, where a small revivalist meeting is going on, and half a dozen men and women "conduct the service." A young lad of about sixteen is pouring out frantic and almost profane appeals to the bystanders to come and be converted, giving forth his invitation with an extraordinary hysterical fluency, which his friends obviously imagine to be supernatural. Another group hotly discusses temperance and the Maine Liquor Law. Another group listens open-mouthed to an intelligent-looking, quiet, calm, young man, in a conversational and gentlemanly way impressing the folly and futility of Christianity on some very weak defenders of that citadel. Everywhere the defenders are so carried away by their indignation that they put forward scarcely the strongest arguments.

Few would believe that in decent, moral England, such a Sunday evening's entertainment should be provided. It would almost appear as if the whole were organised; and that the Italian gentleman, the Irish-American gentleman, with the quiet, reasoning young man, were part of a propaganda, whose aim it is to educate the British working-man up to a free-and-easy standard of infidelity.

It has this look, from there being a steady attendance of the same "preachers" at the same place, Sunday after Sunday, urging the same topics, the same miserable quibbles about priests, parsons, and the Old and New Testaments. It is impossible not to note a pestilent "Goddess-of-Reason" tone among these loungers, though the worship of that deity has apparently led them to the enjoyment of very seedy clothing, limited shaving, and destitution of linen. Whether the propagation of such doctrines comes within the purview of the common law, or of the police, it is hard to say; but it cannot be beneficial that so pleasant a spot on the edge of the Thames, and the balmy summer evenings, should be contaminated by such unhealthy fumes. Many a decent workman,

wandering about from group to group, may catch up some rotten lath of an argument, which some one, of more reading and reason, could snap across his knee, may take it home with him, reflect over it, and have his poor honest wits troubled with the shallowest doubts. The whole is worth the attention of those whose business it is to look after such matters.

IN THAT STATE OF LIFE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THREE days went by. Maud saw Lowndes Cartaret but seldom: he was out shooting all day; when they did meet, however, he never failed to stare at her in a way which made Maud very angry.

Her relations with the establishment, in general, remained pretty much as they were on the first day. Mrs. Cartaret had her new maid to spend the greater part of the day with her: Maud even worked in her mistress's room, for the old lady liked a companion of some sort, and her prime minister had never been very available in this capacity. Now, with company in the house, her important avocations obliged Mrs. Rouse to cede to Maud almost entirely the duties of personal attendance on her mistress. Her demeanour towards the new comer was suspicious and antagonistic as ever; Mr. Dapper's, oily and seductive; the other servants avoiding the "stuck-up thing" as much as possible. This isolation was, perhaps, not enviable, and yet, could it have been more complete, she would have been glad. As it was, strange to say, she found herself getting to endure this life better than she could have thought possible at first. The idea of giving it up, of going to London, and seeking for work in some other form, which she had seriously entertained during the first twenty-four hours of her residence under this roof, presented itself less and less frequently to her. It was then that she wrote the letter we know of to her mother. But, after writing, the question came, how to send it? The Salisbury post-mark might lead to detection. There was no servant in the house she would trust with it for transmission elsewhere. Nor had she a single friend in whom she could confide. But at last an expedient occurred to her. She enclosed it to the true Mary Hind at Bristol, with these words: "Be kind enough, Mary, to post this letter to Lady Herriesson. You must not ask any questions. Some day or

other you will know all. In the mean time, whatever you may hear about me, say nothing of my having written to you—even to your future husband." This letter she placed in the bag with her own hands.

On the third afternoon, Mrs. Cartaret went forth in state to return some neighbours' visits, and Maud was left alone in her mistress's room, to complete a piece of work which the old lady was particular in her injunctions should not be removed from the apartment. The girl sat by the open window, it was so mild, and looking up from time to time, over the bare tops of the elms, and the troops of crows cawing round the house, to the blue line of distance which she knew to be Salisbury Plain, and the streaky straw-coloured sky above it, she stitched away; and, as she stitched, she broke out every now and then into little snatches of Good-bye, Sweet-heart, Good-bye.

"Are you fond of that song?" said a voice close to her.

She half started up, and let drop her work. Lowndes Cartaret—for it was he who had entered the room without her hearing him—picked up the reels of cotton, which had rolled out of her reach, and threw himself down on a sofa near her.

"So you sing, Mary, in addition to your other accomplishments?" he continued, smiling.

"No, I don't, sir."

"But you do. Don't deny it. I should have thought you above that weakness, you have such a frank face and manner. I am sorry I interrupted you now."

"And I am sorry you have nothing better to do, sir," she said, rather sharply; for his manner, no less than the accusation, annoyed her.

"No, we have done shooting for to-day. If I wasn't here, I should be playing at billiards. I don't think that is much better employment, do you?"

"At least you would be entertaining your friends, which I suppose is your business, sir—and you have none here."

"I wasn't wrong in thinking you were frank," he said, laughing. "But why haven't I any business here? This is my mamma's room, and I suppose I may talk to her maid, mayn't I?"

"I doubt whether Mrs. Rouse would think so. You had better go and find her—if you must talk to one of your mother's maids."

"Mrs. Rouse be— No. I beg your pardon. But we haven't quite got to such

a pass yet that I can't come and sit in my mother's room without that old devil's permission. How do you and madame get on, Mary? Do you think you shall stay?"

"If Mrs. Cartaret likes me well enough to wish to keep me, I hope to stay—I only wish—" Here she stopped dead short.

"What is it you wish, eh?"

"Nothing, sir. I have thought better of it."

"That is a decided snub. So you won't place any confidence in me?"

"Why should I, sir? I am your mother's servant, and if I want anything, I can apply to her."

"Well, I have a knack of guessing. Shall I tell you what it is you want? To be taken away from the dominion of Rouse, to have no other mistress but madame."

Maud went on stitching, without reply.

"Is that it? Come, tell me."

"No, that is not it; only a very small part of it."

He looked puzzled for a moment; then cried out:

"I have it; Dapper has already begun to make love to you; he always does. He is a dence of a fellow with the ladies, and I believe they generally find there is no resisting him; but you—"

"—Do not appreciate Mr. Dapper's civilities," said Maud, quickly, with a flushed cheek, "and the fewer I have, in my position, from any one, the better."

"As to that," said Lowndes, laughing, "why, 'in your position,' you are to enjoy an immunity from the common lot of humanity, I don't know. Love is the universal law, isn't it? Every one must come to it sooner or later."

"I thought that you—" she began, with her usual impulsiveness. Then she felt as if she could have bitten out her tongue. She knew she had committed an irreparable blunder; and sat silent, growing scarlet. But the young man was not going to let her off so easily. With an expression of amused interest and curiosity, he said:

"Well? I am waiting. What is it you thought that I did, or did not do, eh?"

"I thought the other day you said—I heard you say to Mrs. Cartaret—that you were 'case-hardened' against such weakness." She blurted it out, without looking up from her work, and felt absolutely relieved when she heard him laugh. He attached no serious importance, then, to her indiscretion.

"A statement of that sort is good for

the purpose it serves, and it was really true enough to a certain extent. I have been 'case-hardened' hitherto. How long it will last I can't say. Who knows when his hour is come?"

Maud felt sorely tempted to say that this was not the language of self-confidence in which he had proclaimed it to be useless for him to visit Marley-les-Bois, so impossible was it that he should be enthralled; but she refrained, feeling that it was wiser not to prolong this discussion. Lowndes, with provoking pertinacity, would not quite abandon it, however. He continued:

"Why do you say the fewer attentions you have, the better, Mary? Have you left some disconsolate swain behind you that makes you so obdurate? Most girls at your age think it a very nice thing to have an admirer, particularly a fellow like Dapper, with silky whiskers, and manners to match. Jove! when he hands round the champagne, I always feel as if I ought to be waiting upon him. There is an affability, a condescension about him! It is as though he said, 'I know I am demeaning myself, but do not be afraid; I will go through it, I will show you how one of Nature's noblemen can play the flunky.' Is it possible that this is lost upon you, Mary?"

She saw he was trying to draw her out; and the satirical play about the corners of his mouth nettled her.

"I suppose, like some other lords of the creation, sir, you think all women are fools?"

"Not at all. On the contrary, I think in many ways they are a vast deal sharper than we are. But, as I said before, girls in your position——"

"Cannot possibly have a grain of common sense? Your experience, if varied, sir, has been unfortunate, I should say. Servants, though you might not think it, are really not always more vain and foolish than their betters."

"That's right; hit hard, Mary. I have a broad back, and can bear it. So you think me vain and foolish, eh?"

"I didn't say so, sir."

"No; but that is what you meant. Now, I return evil for good, Mary, for I think you are neither one nor the other. From the first moment I saw you, I——"

"This conversation, at all events, is very foolish, sir; there can be no doubt about that. If you are going to talk nonsense, I shall leave the room. Mrs. Rouse——"

"The devil take Mrs. Rouse! Who cares for her? If she ventures to poke in her nose where she is not wanted, I shall send her packing."

Maud was saved from the necessity of making any rejoinder by the sound of carriage-wheels, the barking of dogs, and the ringing of the hall-door bell, which told of Mrs. Cartaret's return. Lowndes at once rose, and, with a few laughing words, strolled towards the door. The act needed no comment. Maud would have been seriously annoyed had he remained, and his mother found him here. Had Maud not discouraged his staying so long by every means in her power? Therefore she could not but feel relieved at his departure. And yet it hurt her pride to think that she should be submitted to this—that any man should make her the amusement of half an hour, and then leave her at the first indication of his mother's approach.

From that day forwards Lowndes Cartaret lost no opportunity of seeing and, whenever he could, of talking to his mother's new maid. It was in vain to try and avoid him. Her place was in Mrs. Cartaret's room, and when the young man was not out shooting or hunting, he was in that room the greater part of the time. When visitors came, and Mrs. Cartaret was necessarily kept in the drawing-room, if Lowndes was in the house, it invariably happened that he strolled up into the boudoir. His friends were gone; he himself was due at one or two country-houses; and yet, to Mrs. Cartaret's pleasure and surprise, he lingered on at Beckworth from day to day. He dined with his neighbours, and occasionally one or other of them dined with him: this was the only society he had; and yet a whole fortnight went by, and he did not seem bored, or in a hurry to get away. No one, I believe, up to this time, suspected the real reason of this; and yet that reason was not far to seek. One of those violent passions, the growth of a few days only, which are sometimes lasting in such men, but are far more often transient, had taken possession of his whole being. To use his own expression, "his hour had come;" but he did not recognise the fact at first. He was young, he had strong passions, and he was but little accustomed to self-restraint; he looked upon this as one of those conquests which, if less facile than any he had ever undertaken, was not the less a pastime for the hour. That this was no will-o'-the-wisp, but a real fire, to which he was unwittingly

adding fuel day by day, till it should burn his very heart out, till it should come to be at once an all-absorbing thought and a terror unto himself—this was what he never foresaw in those early days. Attracted first by her handsome face and figure, and secondly by her peculiar manner, the bluntness of which excited him in the pursuit far more than the coquetries to which he was used, each time he talked to her he was more and more struck by her shrewdness, the unflinching truth of what she said, and her skill in parrying his attacks. He was used to the conversation of women (of whom society now has plenty, and an increasing stock of examples), with whom he could say many things that would have been better left unsaid, perhaps; and talking to any others, the wives and daughters of his quiet country neighbours, for instance, generally bored him horribly. But here was a girl—only a maid-servant, too!—to whom he very soon found he could *not* say anything he liked, and yet who did not bore him; but very much the contrary. It was a new and strange experience; he could not account for it; he could only accept it as a fact which he felt to be asserting itself more strongly every day.

How came it to pass that the lynx-eyed Rouse never suspected what was going on all this time? Fate for some days favoured Lowndes; but the jealousy of the disappointed Dapper at last revealed to him the truth; and, through him, that truth reached his formidable colleague in office.

"She flies at 'igh game, she does, Mrs. Rouse. Her equals is not good enough for 'er. I come in with the coals, and there, sure enough, was Mr. Lowndes and 'er alone—'er at 'er work, and 'im lolling on the sofa—chatting away like anything, she as won't so much as open 'er mouth to answer a civil thing when I speak. It's easy to understand now why she gives 'erself such *hairs*."

"I'll soon put a stop to that!" said Mrs. Rouse, flaming up. "I won't have nothing disrespectful go on in this house—let it be master, or let it be man. You know that, Mr. Dapper. I won't have no skylarking and playing the fool as long as I'm here, and so I'll tell Mr. Lowndes to his face. Only I'll make sure that you're right first."

And she left no stone unturned to make sure; but was unable to detect a single act of encouragement or doubtful propriety in the girl's demeanour towards the son of her mistress; though Mrs. Rouse bounced

into the boudoir at all hours, now, on some pretext or other. Once only did she find them alone; and then Maud was at one end of the room, busying herself at some shelves, and the young man was at the other, with his back to her, looking out of window. This is what had happened. He had come in, as usual, to his mother's boudoir, on ascertaining that Maud was alone there; and, after talking to her for some time, he said abruptly:

"I want to know, Mary, where you were educated?"

"At school, sir, of course. Why do you ask?"

"Because your education is a cut above your station. I never heard of a village-girl speaking French before."

"It is my only accomplishment—I hope there is no harm in it? A young lady" (she was thinking of herself who taught the real Mary Hind) "thought it might be useful to me when I went out to service, and so gave me some lessons."

"What provision! She must have had Beckworth in her eye. As to me, I was always so bothered about French, that I hate it. And then its history! Do you know I never have been able to master all those confounded kings my mother is so fond of, yet!"

"So I should think. It needs some application and perseverance to master history, neither of which, I imagine, you possess."

"You are wrong, Mary. I have no application, but plenty of perseverance, when the object is one I care sufficiently about."

"What a pity——" Here she broke off.

"Dear me! I have lost my needle!"

"Here it is. Well? what is a pity? Come, out with it."

"No, Mr. Cartaret, it was nothing. I was forgetting myself."

"Nonsense! Come, what was it?"

"Well, then, I was going to say, what a pity it is you don't care sufficiently about something that is useful in life. An independent young man like you can, of course, do what he chooses. To see him wasting his best years in idleness is deplorable, I think. But then I have a very strong feeling about idleness. I left my home because I could not stand it."

"What you call usefulness is all humbug, Mary. Some fellows like fancying they do an enormous deal of work, and they make asses of themselves on the magistrates' bench, and preside at agricultural dinners,

and spout some rubbish they have got up beforehand, and these are the men that are called 'useful in their generation.' It is all humbug."

"I don't think so. It is not humbug to the men themselves. They are at least doing *themselves* less harm than passing their lives with a gun, a cigar, or a billiard-cue for ever in their hand."

"You little utilitarian, that is a hit at me!" cried Lowndes, laughing; and, as she stretched out her hand to reach the scissors, he tried to seize it. She drew it quickly back. "Never mind, I'd rather have that little hand in mine than all the guns, and cigars, and billiard-cues put together, Mary."

"If I wanted to confirm the truth of what I was saying, Mr. Cartaret, your folly would be enough. You have nothing in the world to do, so you try and kill time by talking nonsense here."

"Wrong again, Mary. I have more than enough that I *ought* to be doing. I was due at Uplands on Monday, and at the Grange yesterday, and I preferred remaining here."

"The more shame for you! A mere pleasure-seeker, who does no good to himself or any one else either, always seems to me to be a wretched creature. I have the greatest contempt for such people."

She got up, and walked to the other end of the room, and he, in his anger, turned to the window. "Wretched creature!" "Contempt!" He had never heard such words, ever so distantly, applied to himself before: he the idol of mother, friends, society in general, and women in particular! She had certainly succeeded in making him very angry, if this was her object. He vowed, as he stood there, gnawing his lip at the window, that this insolent village-girl should be made to pay dearly for treating him thus. And it was just then that Mrs. Rouse bounced in.

"I thought missis was here," muttered the housekeeper.

"How the deuce could you think that when she told you, half an hour ago, she was going down to see Rogers's sick child at the cottage?"

"Really, sir... I... well, I thought she had returned. ... But really, Mr. Lowndes, I'm not accustomed, no, sir, I'm *not*, to be spoken to in that sort of way, Mr. Lowndes."

"Perhaps it is a pity you are not accustomed to it a little oftener," thundered out the young man. "Go down-stairs,

and desire James to bring my cob round to the door, and be good enough, in future, Mrs. Rouse, not to burst into the room in that sort of way when I am here." And having vented his rage thus upon the first object that came to hand, he strode off, without so much as looking in Maud's direction.

As soon as the door had slammed behind him, Mrs. Rouse's indignation, which quivered through her mighty frame, burst forth:

"Very pretty, upon *my* word! Well! a nice pass things is come to, when I mayn't come into my own missis's room without saying 'by your leave' to *him*, indeed! But I can tell him I'm not going to stand being spoke to in that way, and wouldn't, not if it was fifty Mr. Lowndeses. But I'll speak to Mrs. Cartaret, I will. I'll tell her that I don't know what Mr. Lowndes is after up here, when she is out, but I ain't going to be shut out of my own missis's room, as is my rightful place, not for him, nor for you either, Mary Hind. And I must say this, young woman; that afore you came, I never knew Mr. Lowndes to misbehave hisself, and use such language to me, as has been his mother's servant these sixteen years and more, and its *very strange*, that's all I have to say, and I'd advise you to look sharp what you're about, Mary Hind, that's all."

Whereat the irate housekeeper also strode off, and slammed the door behind her. And Maud stood there, and said nothing. Her impetuosity would naturally have led her to reply in strong language to Mrs. Rouse's innuendoes, but something at her heart, something which Mrs. Rouse's words did not, indeed, reach, but which lay there like a stone, seemed to choke her, to paralyse any power of self-justification. And yet Heaven knew how untrue it was that she had encouraged Lowndes Cartaret to seek her society. Had she not told him over and over again to leave her? Had she ever given him reason to think that his presence was agreeable to her? Had she not, on the contrary, spoken so rudely to him more than once, that any other man than this would have considered her language unpardonable? Nay, at that very minute, had it not been her words which had led to his venting his spleen upon Mrs. Rouse? And yet—and yet, there was that at her heart which leaped up, and seemed to impede her utterance when her pride urged her to repel the insinuations of the angry housekeeper. It was shamefully, miserably

weak—she would not acknowledge it to herself—it could not be that she should be unable boldly and truthfully to declare that this man's presence was less than nothing, was absolutely distasteful to her. She didn't believe in falling in love. She believed in strong and passionate attachments, the result of time, and grounded upon bases solid enough to support such a structure; she could not, would not admit the possibility of a sentiment where there was but little knowledge, and could be neither esteem nor admiration. It degraded her in her own eyes to think that she should submit to this young man's attentions with any tolerance, considering their relative positions, and the light in which he, of course, regarded her. And yet there was the fact; argue, deny it, as she might, it remained none the less a fact; she took the keenest interest in all that concerned him; the very sharpness with which she reproved his follies showed it; had she been quite indifferent, she would have been less severe.

In the mean time Mrs. Rouse had got to think better of her heated resolution. To complain of her son's language to Mrs. Cartaret would be entirely useless, she knew; she would be pooh-poohed, and put off with some very unsatisfactory apology, which was far from the complete triumph she had made up her mind she would obtain. She would bide her time, until she obtained proof, which she felt certain would not be long wanting, of his designs, if not of his actual misconduct, towards this new intruder in the establishment, whom Mrs. Rouse had now determined to evict. Mrs. Cartaret was getting a great deal too thick with her; all this parlez-vous-ing, and writing of her mistress's letters, inspired Mrs. Rouse with a mortal hatred and mistrust of the girl, who certainly did nothing to conciliate her. She must be got rid of; about that there was no sort of doubt; and if she could be caught tripping it would be a very short way of cutting the knot of this difficulty. So Mrs. Rouse said nothing to Mrs. Cartaret that evening. And before she laid her virtuous head upon its pillow, her reticence was rewarded in a way that surpassed her fondest hopes.

Some hunting squires dined with Lowndes Cartaret that evening, and he

drank more wine than usual. He had not seen Maud since he had walked out of the boudoir in a rage, after venting some portion of it upon Mrs. Rouse. His passion for the girl, and his anger at her treatment of him, were both inflamed by the wine he had taken; so that when his guests left him, he was in a restless, irritable frame of mind and body, walking up and down the library for nearly an hour, feeling unable to sleep, unable to resolve on any plan of action, while a thousand wild schemes presented themselves to his imagination. At last it occurred to him that he would not keep up the men-servants any longer, but go to his own room. He rang the bell, and without taking a candle (it was a fancy of his never to carry one about the house; he could find his way anywhere in the dark, and in his own room there was a fire), he went slowly and heavily up-stairs. At the top of the landing ran a corridor, which he had to traverse, and half-way down which was the door of his mother's room. Just as he entered this corridor, the door opened, and Maud with her candle came out. He stood still, and she came quickly towards him—so quickly, that with the light held just before her eyes, she did not see him. He opened his arms, and she literally ran into them. Her candle fell clattering to the ground—there was a stifled cry, and before the indignant girl could free herself, and break away, her face was covered with burning kisses.

And at the other end of the passage stood Mrs. Rouse, with a candle in her hand, looking on.

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